UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1188.

Original Poetry.

A DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"Room in thy heart my mother!"—*N. P. Willis.*

What is the crime, my mother, then to coax
One who so cherishes her child as you have?
What have I done amid the time that's past,
To make thy Love and Memory all depart?
To make the world a waiste to me now?
Where every thought and dream of life must lie
As dark as waves upon a midnight sea.

Have I not loved thee? and this throbbing breast
Whose every impulse is but a beat of thine—
That learned what life-like young birds in the nest,
To find a shelter in this hallowed shrine,
And in the poor heart, and it will shew the way
If this in love the place that thou dost keep
As pure as infant in their cradled sleep

Have I not loved thee? Life has been to me
Of Hope and Love one long and sunny dream,
In which I now bright images of thee
As flowers reflected in a summer stream,
Hopes—that have heightened with their fairy rays
All thoughts and wishes of these happy days
In which I lived but on thy whispered praise—

Yes, I have loved thee—but a stronger now
Has come between me and my love for thee.
I much her love upon thy thoughtful brow,
And trouble as I read that look of care
With which thou hast'st my rival in thy heart.
I see the gathering cloud, I see it there,
That speak to me how deeply dear thou art.

But can she love thee, mother, as I do,
Who lingered on thy pillow in the hooded hour,
Drank in thy words, as flowers drink the dew,
And gave back in harmony all sweet to me;
Named no fond alloy, but thy image came
The guardian spirit 'mid the smoke and flame;
For years upon my heart that one has loved
Oh! can she treasure as my heart has done,
Old scenes and mem'ries linked with other years,
Long, long ago, but before remembered's ears
And had been whipped amid a night of tears;
Twice that have fall'n like drops of Water rain,
Child, dress, and dark upon this aching brain
That ne'er can lend love's sunlight smile again.

Her looks cannot bring back our early home,
The tiny brook that sang before the door
Nor even many trades, but no dreams of home,
Of infancy upon that cottage floor.
No sister's song to soothe my brother's shout
Upon the perfumed air rings wildly out
In all the gladness of his childish rest.

Can she call up that chamber of the west,
Where sleeps the last one from our family band
And lilies droop upon that primrose clay
The last my infant's at a mother's kiss,
The wild bride sing above that dreamy spot,
And peering sunbeams shadow forth her lot,
Mother, dear mother, is it all forgot?

Is all forgot—or do I only dream?
Am I still sickened within a mother's heart?
Is my poor image gloomed within that stream,
As portrait on a window in childhood's day?
Is no fond flower uprooted by the blast—
That Autumn's wild leaf have ought to mourn or cast?
But does my memory all the storms outlast?

Nay, see those tears, my mother, they can tell,
Of her unseen the existence of my love,
What takes the waters of anguish to their swell,
Till they o'erleap their banks when none is nigh
But Heaven and thee, my mother, see in me
Bend one dear look of love within those eyes,
Then count the worst wrongs those cause I'll die.

Original Tales.

THE PROPHECY;
Or, The Unknown Friend.
A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY CHARLES O. SHEPARD.

CHAPTER X.

"There is a willow grows aucunt the brook,
That shows his hoary leaves in the glassy stream."
—*Shakspeare.*

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
Then down her wrendy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook.—*Shakspeare.*

By the constant and skilful exertions of Mary and Dame Willoughby, Caroline recovered so as to be able again to go out into the open air. But her mind was wandering. She was unwilling to take no notice of anything; and loved to walk for hours in the garden or by the river's side, and repeat the name of Edward. One would have supposed from her manner, that she was not perfectly sane, except at intervals, when she would weep with the most passionately feeling on Mary to kill her and end her sufferings.

She strolled out one afternoon, and wandered down by the side of the river. Standing by the neath a large elm-tree that grew upon the bank and threw its branches far out across the water, she gazed down upon the placid beautiful flood, at her feet, and sighed, as she said—"Oh, how weary, how very weary is life—with nothing to live for—nothing to look forward to with pleasure—for Edward is—married to another—and that my husband, Lord Hamilton—is dead—his hand—I will not think of it. I know that my reason is failing is this stream. The waters smile and invite me to leap in—yes, there, down deep in the cool waters would I sink to rest—my weary spirit find rest—rest—rest. Hark! some one is coming. No, no—'tis not so—all is still; perhaps 'twas Edward and his wife walking together. I am sure I hope they will enjoy themselves this pleasant night. And how brightly the moon is shining. I will go and sing down—down behind the trees. I must go home—Mary will miss me—and Hamilton, too, he would want to see poor Caroline."

She turned, so suddenly, that her foot slipped and she was precipitated into the water. The current being very rapid, she was swiftly carried from the spot, and borne far down the river. Quick as thought, a man who was walking with a friend upon the river bank, threw off his cloak, and dashed into the stream. He swam towards the drowning girl just as she was sinking the third time, and bore her to the land. His companion, who had waited upon the shore, bent over Caroline, and kissed her pale and lovely face, saying, as he recognized her, "Thank God! she is saved." He walked hastily away as it to conceal his emotion, while his friend, kneeling upon the sod, had bent a mere child, carried her in his arms towards the house. At a little distance he met Mary, who, being alarmed at the absence of her mistress and her charge, was seeking her in every direction. She started, as she recognized the stranger, and said,

"In God's name who are you, that have three times saved her life?"

"Who I am matters not again," said he, as he turned hastily away among the trees.

Mary carried Caroline to the house, where every effort was made to restore her to consciousness. For more than an hour her exertions were unavailing; when, just as she was giving up in despair, she opened her eyes and gazed upon her with a look of more intelligence than she had shewn for some weeks. She placed her hand upon her forehead, and said faintly, "Cold and wet—where am I? where have I been? Oh, Mary, tell me all—now."

"Dear Caroline," said she, while she shed tears of joy: "you must not talk now—try to compose yourself."

"Mary, I will be quiet. But one question I must ask, and I will talk no more to-night. Answer me truly—is Stanley alive?"

"He is," replied she; and Caroline sank quietly to sleep, while a pleasant smile stole over her countenance, and seemed to say that she was now perfectly happy.

CHAPTER XI.

Rosalind.—Where I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—*As You Like About Nothing.*

Patrick O'Flanagan had served the period for which he had enlisted, and was now once more in his native town. But, alas! for his honor and veracity, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that he has not adhered to the resolution so sincerely expressed by him in the first chapter. The "winged gulf" has conquered; "young cupid's fiery shaft" has pierced his heart—and he has even now, vowed to love, honor and protect Judy O'Flanahan.

"Now, by the holy virgin," said he to himself, as he slowly wended his way home from her house, after "popping her question;" "and I'm a pretty fellow to allow meself to be conquered in that sort of a way! Well, I must be known better; I must be known, that I'm a woman to go and spark wid Judy—or, for th matter of that, wid any other gal, that I'd get taken in, by the glances of her eyes, or the witching powers, I must go through wid it now, and don't know as I ought to feel much about it either—but, after all, I'd never think I would be better to live an old bachelor. I wonder now, if we couldn't compromise the matter, and I have it—if she don't get married to any one, I'll marry her—but if she does have another chance, why I won't hinder her from accepting it. I'll be right back and see her again—now." And with this wise resolution he retraced his steps, and soon stood before the door. He knocked, and in a moment, the smiling face of Judy peeped out. Patrick looked at her bright, rosy cheeks, and merry eyes, and felt half ashamed of his course: and here a new difficulty arose. He could not think of what to say; so, by way of a commencement, he put his arm around her neck and gave her a real good kiss. And this was any thing but what he ought to have done, as it only made the matter worse than after taking a few minutes, he again bade her good night, and walked home.

"Confound it," said he when he was alone in his own room, "ain't I a great booby! I don't see but what I am worse off than before. Oh, dear, I was shall have to marry her—yes, I know I shall. Well, I'd like to see the man who dares to say that Patrick O'Flanagan is afraid to be married. I can stand fire—I've fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, and, as I'm in for it now, and can't back out, I'll go through wid it like a man."

Caroline was quite well the next morning, though very weak, and conversed rationally upon every subject; but of the events that had taken place since she saw Lord Hamilton in his tent, she had not the slightest recollection. Mary, however, told her all that had happened, except her note to Stanley, of which she knew nothing.

Just at evening Caroline walked out alone in the garden. As she entered the summer house her mind wandered away among the scenes of her childhood, and she was again a child, and she thought how many times she had sat with Stanley on that very seat, the tears gathered in her eyes, and she could have died a-peace. perceived a figure moving among the trees, and, as she looked more intently, she saw a man walking towards the summer house, and she was sitting. Another glance convinced her that it was Stanley, and with a half-suppressed exclamation of joy, she sprang forward to meet him. He pushed her away and said sternly—"Caroline, what is the meaning of this? Explain yourself! Hiimph! I did not suppose my arrival would please you so much."

Astonished at his question, she looked up into his face—but—the—meaning—of all she could utter, when she fell back into his arms. He placed her upon the seat, and chafed her hands, and bathed her face with his lip quivered with emotion—"Caroline, the time has passed when I could think of you with feelings of love. It was—and I am glad to confess it—it was my delight to think of you when we were so far away from each other. In the early morning, when every one was still, and so happy under the bright, cheerful rays of the sun, when the birds warbled their sweetest songs, and all seemed fresh and beautiful, even then I felt that you only were wanting to complete my happiness. When the night came, and all was still and silent, my thoughts were with you, and for the time, I almost forgot that we were separated. Those hours are past. I have learned to hate you—to consider you unworthy pure as when I left you—but—there has been a change—a fearful change. Nay, do not interrupt me. I know the business of love is over with me—I know too well that they always prefer a coward to an absent lover. But, Caroline, I would not believe this of you. I thought your character was above this. And now I have come to say—good-bye, and then go far, far away, never to see you again. It is true that *I did* love you, and it cannot injure you in your husband's opinion for me to say, that had you not accepted a commission in the British army, and married another while her heart is mine. I will call Mary, and before she recovers, be far away."

He soon found Mary, who was very much surprised to see him—but he rather abruptly told her that Caroline was in the house, and, without going, his heart smote him for treating her so rudely, and he said, in a kinder tone, "Pardon me, Mary, for I have been cruel—but I am not to Caroline, that I leave her not in anger—tell her I regret that I was so hasty: but that if she will think seriously of her course, she will not say I was unjust."

"Captain Stanley," said Mary, "there must be some mistake in her character. She is false and fickle-hearted. Heavens! that beneath such a lovely countenance, there should be a soul stained with crime. Hamilton's wife! Oh, God! that I should have lived to see this." He sank upon a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

Mary continued he, looking up, "I will convince you, Mary. There—read that—read it, and then form your opinion of the pure, spotless, Caroline." She pronounced the four last words with bitter emphasis.

"Captain Stanley, you have been deceived: this note is false, every word of it; Caroline is not married."

He started from his seat and grasped her by the hand. "What! here—false! a deception! not married—not married, did you say? That note was surely written by her—explain your meaning, quick."

The truth now flashed upon the mind of Mary. She recollected the night on which Caroline had gone out, and as Stanley had spoke, informed him of every thing. "Go, sweet girl," was all he could say—"let me but once more look upon that dear face—let me but ask her forgiveness—and I shall die happy." She left the room, and proceeded to the garden, where she found Caroline still insensible. However, she soon restored her to consciousness and led her towards the house

As she entered the summer shanley pacing up and down the room, much agitated, and considerately retired, leaving the two above together. He approached her, and, if I may use the word, he caressed her. He remained motionless for several moments, while the tears stole from under her eye-lashes; at length he timidly looked into her eyes—they met the gaze of Stanley.—"Lovely creature," said he, in an almost inaudible tone, "can you forgive me?"

She burst into tears, and fell upon his bosom: then looked up and smiled sweetly through her tears as she said, "I can forgive you, and will—no false to you—you thought I was—married—how could you. Promise that you will never suspect me again."

"A thousand times I promise," said he, as he put his arm around her waist, and drawing her nearer to him, sealed the vow upon her lips

CHAPTER XII.

"From morn till night, from night till morried morn,
All change but thine, unalterably new,
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn,
The smile, the sigh, the pang, the same as true
Tread on each other's kibes.—*Childe Harold*

A few mornings after, Caroline St. Clair and Edward Stanley were in the garden. Clear and bright shone the sun upon the earth and every thing seemed in unison with their own feelings—all gay and happy. Edward now stood up in the church, and the minister had just pronounced them man and wife, when, among the crowd of relatives and friends who came forward to offer their congratulations, Caroline noticed two persons, who appeared, from their dress, to be soldiers. Mary was in a moment that the taller of the two was the stranger who had three times saved the life of Miss Stanley, and he approached her, and hastily pressed forward to learn his name, as she knew he would reveal it. The stranger approached Caroline and said,

"Allow me, an entire stranger, to express with your friends, my best wishes for your success in the married state. Should I have long known, and a braver man never fought in his country's service. I know you will pardon my liberty of speech, for, having saved your life more than once, I feel that we are in some measure acquainted." He took off his hat, and bowed to Edward, and then to Mary, and at the same time, his cloak falling open in front, revealed the uniform of a General in the American Army.

Stanley stood as if thunder-struck. "Good—is it possible," said he, after a moment, "that Caroline—that my wife owes her life to General Washington."

At the mention of his name every one in the church started. Caroline could only look upon him—she could not speak. General Washington turned, and leading forward his friend, said, "here is another person who, I believe, has not been wholly ungrateful to you."

He stood by the side of the bride, and said, in a low voice, while a tear trembled in his eye, "May thy future life be as bright and happy as thy past year has been sad and sorrowful. Make your husband happy—love for him, is the only requisite for you to be so. Caroline, I have watched over you, and I cannot help feeling, and he could hardly add, "I know Captain Stanley will forgive me for saying this to you, for, from whose lips could a blessing come with more propriety, than from a *father* to his child."

"My father!" said Caroline, as she fell into his arms. Stanley caught his hand, and said, "Be that General R——— and Mr. St. Clair are the same! This is too much; how perfectly happy are we all now!"

"No, not all," replied Washington, "here are two persons who should be united upon this occasion, and I will be let herself Ralph and Mary Joy sparkled in the eyes of the sweet girl, as the minister married them, and Washington saluted the bride as a mother would salute a child and friendship. And now all was explained. Mr. St. Clair was not killed as his daughter had supposed; he recovered, and, a few days after, thinking that all his friends were slain or taken prisoners, he joined the American army. Under an assumed name, he determined to win for himself the respect of his fellow officers. And he succeeded. To one but Washington did he confide his secret. His resolution to keep his real name concealed came well-nigh being overthrown, when he was unexpectedly rescued his daughter from the British, on the night she escaped with Mary and Ralph. Again he saw her when she was sinking from the third time, and knew not how sweet it was to think that he could bless her union with Stanley.

And Patrick O'Flanagan, we cannot close without saying a word about him. He has proved a good husband, and has found in Judy a faithful and affectionate helpmate. She is the consciousness of having done right, and amply provided for by Mr. St. Clair, they lived on in as happy a manner as it is possible for mortals to be separated. But now, thanks to his uncle's generosity, Ralph Sumner's arm for a walk—not without considerable palpitation, for he knew, as Ralph promised to show him the house, that the evening's entertainment would be one at which he should be in no haste to write home a full and particular account.

Far away, in their twilight loneliness, the mother and the sister remembered the absent one, and their evening meal had his home repaired, and moved into it with his son-in-law and daughter. Sorrow and suffering had chastened the heart of Caroline, while it had matured and improved her mind. Edward remained with them a day or two, when he left, to join the army. Edward would have gone with him, but he could not bear of it. "You have already," said he, "done much in your country's cause. True, it is no more than any patriot would have done, but none you have more than your own happiness at stake. Remain here—you can serve us as much by furnishing our soldiers with food and clothing, or by cultivating the land, as by returning to the army. The day is not far distant, I trust, when we shall be a free and independent nation. When that happy event takes place, Caroline," he pronounced the four last words with bitter emphasis.

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CHAPTER XII.

"From morn till night, from night till married

Agricultural.

BEES.

On the 11th of Third month, of last year while the weather was cool, the editor was furnished by his friend Jeremiah Comfort, of Spring Mill, with a swarm of bees in a very simple box, hatched in new glue boxes, each about eleven inches square, and nine deep, communicating with each other by a couple of holes in the top of the lower box, and accompanied by light comb, somewhat larger than the brace in which the bees were living, so as to enable the light feet them. They were placed in the second story of our residence, at the window of the bath room, on a stand made to support the hive, the entrance for the bees being under the window sash, which was raised a little for the purpose. Here they have stood ever since, apparently undisturbed, and not as inclement as if in a hollow tree in their native forest, or as if in a more classical position, on Mount Hymettus. Through their busy season of summer, they were a source of great amusement and interest to the editor and his family, a day rarely passing, but the owners were two or three times removed to watch the rapid movements and efficient labors of these admirable creatures. The light to which they were watched—when the covers were off, did not appear to annoy them in the least, as all their operations continued as if undisturbed.

Strong indications of swarming were exhibited for several days previously to the 17th of Fourth month, last; on that day, about one o'clock, while the editor was in the bath room, and the owners were off the place, on their customary steady, quiet movements of the colony were, in an instant, and quick as thought, changed to the busy procedure of the season and thousands of those which happened to be near the outward passage, were on the wing and hurry, and bustle, and confusion, as if their very home was on fire. Animated two pell-mell migrated within. The greatest part of the swarm remained then on the wing for five or ten minutes, when they gradually settled together under the edge of the hive, followed shortly commenced returning into their box. All was soon again quiet, and so remained till next day, when, about noon, the same movements began, and closed in the same way; they settled in the same spot, and again retired into their old home. New a curious question presents itself, and we ask, will these two first fruitless demonstrations made? Had the queen—which, by the way, we obtained a sight of but once through the whole summer—overstaid her present? Is her absence the occasion of the head of her dependants in fine style, and found some cause or another that herself unable to leave the native cell? Or, are they, by providentially discovering this instinctively closer around her there? Or did the scouts—the pioneers sent out to reconnoitre,—happen to return just at these inopportune, and hasty times? Any single place had been found for the sole of their feet? We leave these points to be settled as best they may, by Huber, and Bevan, and Bonner, and our friend Allen and Comfort, if they need to state that next day, about eleven o'clock similar movements precisely were observed, and after losing me to the bees for an fifteen minutes, they settled on the front of a tight board fence, say thirty feet from the hive they had left. A kind neighbor, who had less the fear of them before his cottage—himself, and the head and breast protected by a veil, and the hands with gloves, quietly scraped them into the two compartments of a glass hive, similar to that from which they had emigrated. It was placed on a table near by, on those which had been left on the fence, on which had been thrown the old ground, grabs only gathered to it, and all became quiet. In the evening, it was moved to the place designed for it in the yard, directly under the parlor window, where it still stands. They went immediately to work, and made, through the season, 85 or 40 of the honey, all of which was left for their subsistence during the winter they are now in fine condition, and will no doubt consume more than two-thirds of their present. Small boxes were subsequently, at different times, placed on the top of the hive in the bath room, and after these below, in which the bees live, were well stored, every nest to work and filled the smaller ones. On the 20th of the Eighth month, two were taken off weighing 19 lbs., and another put in their place. This was repeated in the first of the ninth following, and weighed 5 lbs. No that the original swarm which cost $5, threw off another fine colony, and yielded nearly 24 lbs of delicious honey stored are successful with their bees in Philadelphia; and our own plodding ones at least, shows that even in the heart of a populous city, the industrious habits of the honey bee do not forsake her.

The box brought by J. Comfort, and to which we are exceedingly partial, is as simple as such a thing can well be; to this recommendation of simplicity, is added the entire facility with which the operations of the owner may be in all times and safely observed.

At the time of swarming, we believed that considerably more than half the bees left the hive on the bath room, and with the new colony. Who gave the watch-word when to move? and on what principle was decided what should go, and who remain?—*Farmers' Cabinet.*

BUTTER MAKING IN ORANGE CO.

FROM THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

I have delayed until now a compliance with your request, to furnish you a statement of the progress of butter making, as pursued in my county, with a view to obtain from a number of our best butter makers, the details of their process. As the statements received do not materially differ from each other, or from my own mode of proceeding, I shall give you that.

The Milk Room—It is all-important that this should be cool, dry, and well ventilated. I set with a *free circulation of air.* Mine is in the cellar, of my farm-house, ventilated by means of two windows about two feet square, on the north side, and a like window and a latticed door on the south side, all covered on the outside with wire-gauze, that enough to exclude the flies. The floor is formed by a layer of small stones, six inches deep, well grouted; that is, a mortar of lime and gravel, thin enough to run freely, is poured upon the stones until they are entirely covered with it,—half inch or dry, a thin covering of water-lime cement is put upon it, and made smooth with the trowel. This costs little, if any more than a plank floor, and effectually keeps out both bats and mice, and as water does not unite it, it is easily kept perfectly clean and sweet. The milk pans stand upon suitable shake, raised upon brick-work, about two feet from the floor, and the butter is worked upon a marble table. A pump is placed at one end of the room, bringing the water through a lead pipe from the bottom of the well, and the water discharged, runs the whole length of the cellar in a channel prepared for the purpose, when the floor was constructed, and empties at the end of the house, connected into the floor, over the mouth of the drain. The churn stands in the milk-room, and is worked by a dog-power machine, on the outside of the building. The milk-room should be used exclusively for dairy purposes.

Dairy Utensils.—The cows are milked into wooden pails, not painted on the inside, and kept perfectly neat and sweet. They must be thoroughly cleaned, dried, and aired, morning and evening; and never be used for any other purpose. Each pail is rinsed with cold water, the cows much more stating than the usual pattern of pans which we see at the tin shops, and be neat as bright as silver; they must also be well aired in the sun.

Tin Milk—The most stand in the pans, substituted, until the whole of the cream has risen,—some of the Hiquet, of the Hens of Italy it is "*lopped,*" or thick—both milk and cream are kept into the churn together, at a temperature of about fifty-five of Fahrenheit. the churn is the Vermont form, a rapid stroke, up from nasty to seventy-five per minute, until the butter "begins to come," when the dasher is put upon the wheel, and the churn is worked more and more moderately, until the butter is entirely separated from the buttermilk. Then taking the butter from the churn, it is washed with cold water, salted, and thoroughly worked with a wooden ladle upon the marble table. It must never be worked with the hand, as the warmth of the hand will injure it. It is then set aside in a cool place, until to the next day, when it is again worked in manner, worked until every drop of the butter milk is extracted. It is then fit for packing away for winter use. The butter must at no time be allowed to get soft.

Frederick J. Earth.

Newburg, Dec. 12th, 1844.

Culture of Coffee.—The cultivation of coffee is another and a new to many who will not be advantageously introduced in our Southern States. It flourishes well on the Jamaica mountains, at a height above the sea where the climate is quite as cold as South Carolina, Georgia or Louisiana. The labor is very light. The tree, when once planted, will bear thirty, and sometimes fifty years, with scarcely any attention. The preparation for market is very simple, and can be performed by children. It would be equally profitable with cotton, and I think far more so than either rice or sugar, without the sacrifice of health attending the cultivation of the former, or the terrible outlay up of flesh and muscle, demanded by the latter. The only point to be ascertained in whether it will bear the climate of our Southern States; if so, there can be little doubt that for productiveness and facility of culture, it will be preferable to any other Southern crop.—*Louisville Journal.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the new premiums.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new premiums.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new premia.

For FIFTY DOLLARS, forty copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two premia.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' Companion.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' Companion.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Legislature of this State has adjourned, after a most laborious business session. Of course, no one will regret having been summoned to the doings of any legislative body; but all parties are agreed on the point that our legislators have on the whole accomplished a large good for their constituents, and effected much forward defending the honor, standing and credit of the State. The passage of the bill to sell the Main Line, and to the State for the purpose of Revenue to pay its debts, is the most important measure of the session, and the citizens in general will be relieved from the sale of the works will wait the popular approval, as by the vote of the whole people in the Fall. But we cannot help but regret that the works is not a measure requiring haste, but on the contrary, liable to suffer by it, this was unfounded by the sense of the people, and by a teacher of languages. The Coroner, on Wednesday morning, held an inquest upon the deceased, and they returned a verdict—cause of death unknown.

This is one of those terrible events which should cause the strictest look to the appointing power, to be very careful on whom they place any responsibility. In the hands of persons better acquainted with the law, he had also would have received the treatment of a suffering invalid instead of the harsh and cruel treatment which left a respectable, inoffensive man—a beloved husband—a stranger in the land to die this terrible death, alone and unbefriended, while his agonized cries were met in terror in her apartment, at his unwonted absence—an absence not explained till the news of his death was communicated to her.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

The New England Farmer has revived a pleasant way of cautioning boys not to kill the birds. It states that the meeting of birds was held in Harvard, April 1, 1844, which was organized by the choice of A. Robin for President, and A. Little Wren for Secretary. The meeting being called to harmony, was addressed in strains of persuasive eloquence by several distinguished orators, and a series of resolutions were warbled into approbation, and passed *nem. con.* The last resolution was commend to the attention of the humane every where

Resolved, That the *hermone* bees of Harvard are most eminently patriotic soldiers—that they eat and besieghit not to shoot *at, warm and muzzle in,* in cold blood, for mere amusement, the young ones are fledged next fall. And all good and kind persons are hereby desired, and earnestly desired, to read this resolve of the farmers, their musical and useful friends, to any young and thoughtless boy.

HAVANA.

We have news from Havana to the 14th ult. by N. Orleans. Affairs there were quiet, with being concerned in the late insurrection, was still going on. The Paraguyne of the 20th ult. says: "Many of those persons who were political delegates, en route to the great Whig Convention, appointed for the 3d instant, manufacturers, and a series of resolutions were warbled into approbation, and passed *nem. con.* The last resolution we

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for three months.

Postmasters are requested to send in their names addressed to us. The word "Post" or (post) is not a frank. Agents will please examine their letters and their names as initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if indebted.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always write plain and legible.

Remember, most always state the Post Office to which paper, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangement.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Godey's Lady's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Whitmore.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will receive subscriptions for Godey's Lady's Magazine and the Saturday Post. He is authorized to receive money for the same.

JOHN SMITH, Oxford, Chester county, Pa.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISAAC E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South West. We refer to the following gentlemen:—*Hon. Joel Whaley, William H. Weld, G. H. P. Stow, and Henry Pratt.*

THOMAS REVERE is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PEDDLE, of Newark, New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

Notices of New Works.

A NEW "SPIRIT OF THE AGE." *Edited by R. H. Horne Author of Orion, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Carey & Co., H. G. Berthram and Robinson & Peterson.*—This work professes to be modelled after Addison's, since the publication of which nearly twenty years have elapsed. Of course, it takes up a new set of topics, and presents them in a new comparison between the model and the imitation, we can pronounce that one of the most remarkable ones which has made an appearance since the days of Addison. The writers have a pleasant colloquial air of memoir, gossip, and criticism, and the characters of the subjects are the best delineations of a chastly a matter of mere taste. Among the authors whose works are criticised are treated Lord Brougham, Lord Ingoldsby, Landon, the Hawaiis, Dr. Dory, James, Marryat, Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Norton, Talfourd, Miss. Sydney Smith, Jerrold, Robert, Knowles, Curtis, Hood, Hook, and many others. If any body desires a couple of shillings worth of good entertaining reading concerned this work to him; and if there be among our readers ever a "Spirit of the Age" of his own, and is groping for the material of small talk, we can point him to his resources. We have only to remark, against the interest of the price of the book, and to can silence any opposition conventional battery of ordinary strength, with abundant ammunition of heavy calibre. We can't wage war, perhaps, but tone the less amusing. "Come by the way, it is worth the while," is the motto of the advertisement which has appeared in Graham's Magazine.

THE CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR, *or the Ways of the Gospel and the Spirit*, is the name of a monthly work published on St. James's Church, Gaskets, N. Y. By *Rev. J. A. Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.*—The object of the sermons in English recommended by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York. They include the temperance sermons for every Sabbath in the year, and are now published, since they have been delivered by family influence, from pursuing his public ministrations. In style, the work is clear and direct, and in the argumentative passages, if the use of short sentences be a merit, it is one of many in the clearest light, and makes his deductions concisely and forcibly. He constantly avoids whatever that he considers the cleanse of his church. This part of his volume, therefore, will be found more valuable to those especially confined to the introduction. In his exposition of what are regarded by the great body of Christian as fundamental truths, he has evidently had in view the wants and hostesses of equines, as to familiar, animated, or pathetic, as the subject or the occasion may demand. On the whole we regard the natural rising of feelings of deep regret, that we can only say the author has given to the public what ought, to withdraw from the active performance of pastoral duties. It is a volume of able discourses, and is brought out in handsome style by the publishers.

ROBIN MAY HOOD'S CATTLE DOCTOR—*Containing the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of all the Diseases incident to Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Swine. Also, of the Anatomy and Physiology of Neat Cattle. By Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon, and assisted by William Youatt, author of the "Horse," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—The full and explicit title of this work is made still more valuable by additions from the pen of T. S. Skinner, Esq., whose warrant for the excellence of the work will be found in the fact that he is a man of judgment and experience. The original by Cattle Doctor published as the cattle doctor of the day. Youatt, whose name is familiar to almost every owner of stock, and who is known as the author of the "Horse," acquired what the American farmer needed, particularly in relation to mare and sheep, makes the work altogether one of the most interesting and valuable that has as yet been published. It may be had of Robinson & Pearson, No. 28 Chatham Street.

SEAWEEDS.—Some notice of a wonderful American Ocean or German American writer, whose works on American Seaweeds are so greatly prized in Europe, has already been made in this paper. Transitions are commenced in New York for the publication of another work on the wonderful beauty is united with vast ingenuity of arrangement. We have seen a few of the "Sprigs," which Wallace looked at it in all shapes, and are somewhat in the predicament that Davy Crockett was with the silver, when he undertook to count them—he could not tell which. There are clever and stunning passages in the book, but we had the most fun (as love requirements) where we will not go numbers, and people who read will not lose their time in reading them over. Indeed, we think Mr. Swainford there may be something left to say yet of American Seaweeds. The Hobson still continued to have the shares of the Seaweeds of Madeira and the Azores.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED PICTORIAL HORSE.—The Third number of this splendid work just published, brings publication to the twelfth month of its issue. The work has a literary character, as the history of Joseph, and the early movements of Moses, and the Israelites afford ample scope for the artist. We are glad to find the work as well supported as it has been, and we trust that it will be by the public patronage. It is at all times, and on the most beautiful specimens to see in the pictures of the day, when the publishers have the taste to set the table of the poor as well as the rich man, and furnish an abundance which will, at a moderate price, be within the reach of the humblest in art. It may be had in the city of Robinson & Pearson, No. 28 Chatham Street.

SOUTH'S FAMILY BIBLE.—J. M. Campbell has commenced an enterprise which we are glad to see—the publication, in handsome quarto form, of a family bible with family commentary on the Holy Bible. It is published in quarto numbers at twenty-five cents each. The work is the best form for the Family Bible, and this excellent and long esteemed work will be and must be widely circulated. We have not seen the publication, but the name is no other guaranty American edition than the, we the work thoroughly looked at, and can say that it is the best we of print at this. The work may be had of Robinson & Pearson.

GODEY'S LADY'S MAGAZINE, *for May. New York: Israel Post. Philadelphia: Ember, and Robinson & Peterson.*—This magazine is the oldest of the kind now published, and the freshness, and a goodly array of reading matter from the editor, John Inman, and a good list of contributors. Late in promotion to the magazine, which is the good taste of the editor, and the claims it puts forward for a place in the drawing room of the lady of the house are maintained. As Magazines are now published, this is no small praise, and we are glad to find it in other cities a prominent country in the race.

THE HOMELAND OF EUROPEAN. *By Major W. C. Harris. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—The object of this work was for eighteen months resident at the Christian Court of Shoa, in the interior of Africa, as an envoy of a British Government, and to collect interesting and valuable Full of married and adventure, and of more than usual facts of a romantic kind, it will be read with avidity, this work takes rank in interest with the "Bible in Spain," and we think, have as many admirers of the celebrated work.

BOOKSELLING. *Luther & Co.*—The April number of BOOKSELLING, published by Luther & Co., is one of the most interesting and ability which has always marked the publication. People complain of the "hard times," and if it had better one dependence—but we have certainly by our experience seen nothing of this. It may be less extensive, but certainly it is more practical and to the point, and both are true in an earnest as ever.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, *the Union of States, and the Ministry of Reconciliation*, by Rev. Wm. W. Spear, of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, just published by Campbell, is a work which has been much read by the author's friends, and has received among the learned, and the request of many of them has ordered this publication. The congregation of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, it may be had of Robinson & Pearson.

MARRIED MAN'S CONFESSOR.—Carey & Hart have published a second edition of Major Jones's Courtship. For a specimen of the style, we refer the reader to Major Jones's April Day, published in this paper a few weeks since. This edition has twelve clever illustrations by Darley. The work is a very funny one.

MORMON LIBRARY.—Ember has sent us the "Mormon Library," No 18, containing a selection from Goldsmith, in medium page and appearance with the other Mormon Extras. He also supplies the Mirror.

GERMAN. No. 2, has been received by Robinson & Pearson, and by Ember & Co. It completes the third volume of the work, which will soon now be complete.

ORIGINS OF CERTAIN NAMES. *Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson.*—This "omnibus" contains John H. Mercein's "William Lovell," a tale of early days in the colony of New York, and one of great interest; "Gracian, the Church Bells," by Henry Wm. Herbert; author of the "Brothers," "Cromwell," &c.; "Julia Cooper, a Romance of the Alps," by T. C. Grattan, author of "Highways and Byways," and "The Bower King," translated from the French. It is a cheap book, and will well repay an afternoon's study.

MAGAZINES.—No. 5, of the New York edition of Shakspeare illustrated, has been received by Ember, and by Robinson & Peterson. It completes the first volume of the work, which the first numbers established for it, and is daily gaining in the public favor.

PROFESSOR LOOMIS, of Harvard University, is preparing a work on the late accomplished inventor of our country, James Grahame, the materials for which have been furnished by his family and friends in Europe.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, April 24. The presidents of the Rhode Island Legislature, against any interference with the charter of that State, and of the affairs of that State, was presented, laid on the table, and ordered printed.

IN THE HOUSE, the bill was taken up, and debated on amendments relative to the Congressional Burying Ground. The bill was passed, with except to equalize their privilege, and allow to the members, from one day, not 100, to the highest rates of postage. The bill was then engrossed.

IN THE HOUSE, the gentlemen concurred in the fracas of the day preceding, and resolutions of thanks were passed to the statements in the newspapers in relation to it, but the House refused to suspend the rules.

The Tariff Bill, of Mr. McKay, was then taken up, and debated by Messrs. Archibald, of Ohio, Hetherland and Kennedy, of Md., Morris, of Pa., and Black, of New York.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, April 25. In the Senate, Mr. Johnson, from the Committee on Slaves, both of Louisiana, announced the death of Mr. Bonner, late Representative of that State.

The committee on claims reported back, and both branches adjourned.

SATURDAY, April 27. The Senate was not in session.

IN THE HOUSE, a motion was made that all debate on the Tariff should cease at the close of the day, at which time the vote on which several of the members participated. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, from the committee on foreign affairs, reported at the end of the debate was the laying of the resolution on the table. And the taking up of the Tariff Bill. Mr. Heiner addressed the House in favor of the bill, and Mr. Ingersoll in opposition, ment to grant protection to any branch of industry.

IN SENATE, Monday, April 29. The bill relating to the rates of postage and regulating the mailing of newspapers, from the House, was read to 14. The resolution of the Finance Committee, to which the bill was referred, reported the bill introduced by Mr McDuffie to reduce the rates of postage on letters to twenty-five cents, the standard of the composite set, was taken up.

And Mr. Buchanan addressed the Senate for two hours, in favor of the protective policy. The subject was then laid on the table, and the Senate proceeded to the consideration of Executive business.

IN THE HOUSE, at an early hour, resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, Mr. Hopkins in the chair, and resumed the consideration of the tariff, the debate on which consumed the whole day.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, April 24. A bill was passed reducing the clerk hire in the land office to $4,500, and empowering the Surveyor General to issue the warrants formerly issued by the Secretary.

The vote negativing the bill to sell the Main Line, and the resolution to tax was reconsidered. It was amended by restoring the three mill tax and passed finally—yeas 18, nays 14.

The House amendments to the Senate amendments to the Revenue Bill were next considered.

IN THE HOUSE, a bill was discussed some time and passed, which incorporates the Office of Surveyor General, and restores that of Secretary of the Land Office.

The Senate amendments to the bill to sell the Main Line, &c., were then considered and rejected.

IN SENATE, Thursday, April 25. The bill to Pa. was amended by incorporating Mr Champlin and others as Directors of the Commercial Bank of Pa.

IN THE HOUSE, the debate was had on the Senate Bill to sell the Main Line, and the Portion.

A bill was passed compelling the redemption of the state notes of the County Banks.

Committees of Conference were appointed both houses, with a clause allowing an outlet lock at Black's Eddy. This bill has not yet been signed by the Governor.

A great deal of minor business was done, and many private bills were passed, of which we have neither space to mention nor have we reports to compile from

THE POST OFFICE LAW.

As Mr. Merrick's Bill as amended, has passed the Senate, we publish the report of it, as reported by the Washington Spectator. It is in decidedly unwise, and will ingeniously affect the revenue of the department, we think, to cut off the Postmasters frank. Many offices are not worth holding without that privilege. The revenue of the department is largely indebted to the postage on newspapers and Magazines, and the convenience of remitting through Postmasters, keeps up the steady circulation of the papers. It is a good feature in the law that the tariff of pieces is rated in Federal currency

For every single letter for less than 30 miles, 5 cents; over 30 and not over 100, 8 cents; over 100 and not over 400, 10 cents; over 400, 15 cents. Single, double and quadruple letters in proportion. A quarter of an ounce is a single letter. Drop letters, 2 cents each. Letters advertised to be charged 2 cents each. Letters and packages delivered by carriers, 2 cents each; newspapers not more than 1900 square inches, may be sent free within the county where published or within 30 miles free of postage: beyond 30 and not over 60 miles a half cent; over 60 miles 1 cent. On newspapers of greater size than 1900 square inches, the same rates of postage as magazines or pamphlets. Printed or lithographed circulars not larger than foolscap, 1 cent for every 2 ounces, or part of, for any distance. Pamphlets, periodicals, magazines, 2½ cents each quarter, if not more than six ounce, not exceeding 100 miles; 3 cents for any greater distance and over 100 additional for each additional ounce in weight. Letters not more than half an ounce shall be charged as an ounce. Where the mails are so heavy as to retard materially the speed, a double mail to be provided for letters. All acts granting the right to any person to receive postage free, and all laws granting rates to newspapers, &c. are annulled. The officers of government having the franking privilege to keep an account of the postage on all official matter received or transmitted through the mail, and the same to be paid out of the contingent funds of the respective Departments. The franking privilege allowed to the three Assistant Postmasters General and the Postmasters throughout the United States, and all relating to the business of the Department. The President, Vice President, Heads of the Departments, ex-Vice Presidents, the Heads of Departments, and Attorney General, are allowed the franking privilege. Members of Congress, Secretary of Territories, Secretary of the Senate, and Clerk of the House, authorized to receive and transmit public documents free of postage, but during each session, and for thirty days preceding and subsequent, to receive letters or newspapers free of postage on all over two ounces to be paid out of the contingent fund of each House. In any of the privilege heretofore allowed of transmitting written or printed matter, free of postage, to be furnished with a number of free stamps or envelopes, equal to five per day during the session. In any matter enclosed in them, weighing more than two ounces, to be subject to postage. Private expresses also made forbidden under heavy penalties, as also those transmitting the letters, and the proprietors of the means of conveyance. The free exchange of newspapers between publishers permitted. Heavy penalties provided for all violations of the law. Quarters persons hereafter to be given to the lowest bidder, without regard to the mode of conveyance, and the contractor to carry the mail, under the law of his predecessor. Letters to be advertised in papers having the largest circulation, if inserted for a price not greater than is now fixed by law.

Religious Intelligence.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

The following table appears in the New York Tribune, to which paper it was furnished by a correspondent, who compiled it from the Missionary Herald, for May. It gives the number of Missionaries, Communicants, &c.

Names.	Missions.	Communicants.
Baptists, Associated Churches	1801	225,000
Do. Free Will, Christians	1000	50,000
Do. Regular, Separate	1000	500,000
Congregationalists	1200	75,000
Episcopalians, Church	514	30,000
Episcopal Methodists	3147	1,052,372
Methodist Protestants	1000	100,000
Presbyterians, Associate	120	15,000
Do. Associate Reformed	150	18,000
Do. Reformed	70	4,000
Do. Cumberland	500	60,000
Do. Dutch Reformed	200	20,000
Do. General Assembly	1900	200,000
Reformed Methodists		
Old School	1617	150,115
Seceders, Associate		
New School	1459	159,045
Total reported	17,073	2,541,532

☞ The citizens of Harrisburg, and a number of the members of the Pennsylvania State Legislature have held a meeting and recommended the propriety of holding a State Convention at Harrisburg on the 10th May, for the purpose of promoting a more due observance of the Sabbath day

☞ The Baptist Churches of this city, and many of the Presbyterian were on Sunday last supplied by members of the Triennial Baptist Convention, which there were over 1000 delegates of the Baptist denomination in town, besides the lay delegates.

☞ The anniversaries of the various religious societies commenced in this city on Monday next week. During these anniversaries a great deal of interest is felt in the proceedings by a large part of the population of our native city.

☞ Henry Ribes, Esq., the celebrated organ manufacturer of New York, is constructing for the Catholic Church an organ which, when finished, will weigh over forty tons, and cost $10,000.

☞ During the sessions of the Baptist Triennial Conventions in the city upwards of $11,000 were received by the Treasurer.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED CLERGYMAN.—We regret to state that the Rev. Joseph Lybrand, D. D., died at his residence in this city on Wednesday of last week, in the 83d year of his age. He was a member of the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one of the most eloquent, devoted and self sacrificing clergyman this country has ever produced. A very large congregation attended the funeral services, which were solemnized in Trinity (Eighth St.) Church: and these was held in session among them all, as to excellence of the departed.

DEPARTED THIS LIFE.—Samuel English, a member of the Society of Friends, and for about twelve years one of the most active and influential directors of the Public Schools in the city of Philadelphia, part of which time he was a representative in the Select Council of the Board of Controllers, departed this life about two o'clock on Tuesday morning. Mr. E. was an estimable citizen and much beloved. His funeral on Wednesday, was attended by the Controllers and Directors of the Public Schools, and many of the pupils.

DEATH OF THE HON. ISAAC HUNTON.—The Philadelphia Ledger Journal, of the 16th ult., says:—We learn, with regret, that the Hon. Isby Hudson, of Kalmeton, for many years a representative in the House of Representatives of this State, and a member of that body, and the Senate for over twenty years, died on Friday last at his residence on that town. He was a most useful member of the community in which he lived, and his death a great loss to a large circle of relatives and friends.

☞ Mrs Dorothea Schneider, departed this life at the School-hill County Anne House, on the 20th ult., in the *one hundred and ninth year of her age!* Her husband was a soldier of the Revolution, whom she twice accompanied to the tented field. She resided on the top of the Blue Mountain, on the road to Schuylkill, Berks county, for the last seventy-five years, and although blind, she retained her faculties up to the last moment, when her spirit left the frail tenement of clay.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER 100 YEARS OLD.—The Kaskaskia (Ill.) Republican recently noticed the death, in that vicinity, of John Shull-Town, aged 109 years. He was born on the banks of the Hudson River, twelve miles from Albany, in the State of New York, Feb. 10th, 1736. His eyesight was unimpaired almost to the last, and he never had occasion for the use of spectacles. His third wife is still living, at the advanced age of 87 years, and was able to attend the remains of her deceased husband to the grave.

DEATH OF AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.—Commander Jonathan D. Williamson, of the U. S. Navy, died in the interior of the Island of Cuba, on the 11th of April. Commander Williamson was the third on the list of ninety-six commanders. He was appointed midshipman on the 1st of September, 1809, and received his first grade of February, 1837. He was a native and resident of New Jersey. This is the second death recorded among the commanders within a few weeks.

☞ The Hon. George Bancroft died at his residence in Washington, on Wednesday last, on the 18th ult., in the 74th year of his age. The deceased was appointed an Associate Judge by the late Governor Snyder, at which he held until a few years ago. He has also held other public situations, was a member of the Episcopal Church, and Vice President of the United States.

DIED SUDDENLY.—The Reverend Mr. Carey, whose ordination by Bishop Onderdonk, occasioned so much excitement some months since in New York, died on his passage to Havana, when just within the harbor.

DECEASE OF A PATRIOT.—Philip Bagley, Esq., aged 83, died in Boston, who was in the battle of Bunker Hill, died suddenly at Newburyport, Mass. (his residence) a few days since.

☞ Ebenezer Kingsbury, Esq., formerly Speaker of the State Senate, died at Penn Yan, Yates county, N. Y., on the evening of the 15th ult.

☞ I. W. Stockton, Esq., President of the National Road Stage Company, died suddenly at Uniontown, Pa., on Thursday week.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The iron steamer Nangatuc, constructing by Messrs. Dunham & Co., of New York, to ply on the Sound, between New York and Providence, is a splendid boat. The keel, the dimensions of which are—Northern Bank of Kentucky: a mech. 1 foot 6 inches deep, and 2 feet 6 inches wide. The engine is of 300 horse power. The beginning, 44 feet 6 inches; diameter of the stroke, 7 feet. She has two smoke stacks, each 2 feet 7 inches in diameter, and drivers by two steam cylinders, which are 6 feet 6 inches in diameter and 11 feet stroke, with a blowing engine, boiler and blower of the most approved construction. Her draught of water is 7 feet.

☞ Gov. Bouck, of New York, has reprieved Alvin Cornell, convicted in January last, of the murder of his wife, and granted an order for his confinement in the Auburn State Prison for the remainder of his natural life. The commutation is made on the ground of insanity, and confirmed for life on a proper presentation.

☞ An attempt to fight a duel was made by two citizens of Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday week, in a vacant lot. The intended meeting being discovered by the police, the parties were on the ground, nearly as soon as the combatants, and by their empirement interference, (as one of them said,) broke up the fight.

MINISTER TO RUSSIA.—A gentleman from Washington informs us, that Mr. Jay, the Minister to Spain, and Mr. Mitchell, the Minister to Russia, have declined the appointment.

☞ Col. Blondgett, indicted for breaking into a house in Bellingham, during the Chepatchet war in search of suffrage men, was tried in Dedham, Massachusetts, last week, and found guilty.

☞ Fifty thousand alewives were taken at one haul in Mystic River, at Medford, Conn., on Saturday last.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

There were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.—Acts xvii. 11. Search the Scriptures.—John v. 39. The truth of the remark contained in the latter clause of the above quotation from the Bible, is evinced by the fact that many persons, who profess to be Christians, do not hear that the "Ministers" have "searched" the Scriptures, and therefore, they are not prepared with some reasonable something them to demand a sign from heaven. Such persons, like Thomas, "say that unless they do see the marks, and," therefore, "do not thrust their hands into the side, they will not believe." Now, what is the natural inference here? Why that none but the unbelieving and lost will require a sign, because in favor of the views held by Adventists, and, if it must be so, that the Scriptures are not searched by those who require a sign to believe.

LOSSES, RESISTING AND OTHER FIRES generally begin with warning, stretching, pain in the bones, tingling sensations, and sometimes with a chill, and are generally followed by fever, nausea, and other unpleasant symptoms.

Now, as these symptoms of fever have an existence, if, indeed they have an equal, in conjuring with the natural disease, and as they are relieved by the "Balm of Gilead," it is manifest that the remedy is well adapted to the cure of fever, as to ease and natural a manner, that the body is not weakened by the operation. Those who have had Fever at five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night, will find that they will not only be relieved from the common cold, constitution, gout, pain in the side or pleurisy, at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone and the whole system will be free from fever and ague will be given to be relieved.

Beware of counterfeits. The public are respectfully informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills are now offered for sale in this city, and that not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and that the Pamphlet Agent, and each genuine box, has a certificate of agency signed by William Wright, Vegetable Pills, 241 Race street.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine are established at No. 241 Race street, PHILADELPHIA. No. 280 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 8 Market Square, PITTSBURGH. Also, for sale by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price 50 cents per box.

Pamphlets may be had gratis at the Offices.

Sold also in Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price 50 cents per box.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, New York.

HEALTH OFFICE, APRIL 27, 1844.

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwest, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Spring Garden.

From the 20th to the 27th of April.

DISEASES.	Deaths.	Ages.		DISEASES.	Deaths.	Ages.	
		Under 1 year.	Over 1 year.			Under 1 year.	Over 1 year.
Abscess,	1	0		Hooping cough,	1	0	1
Apoplexy,	1	0	1	Inflammation,	1	0	1
Asthma,	1	0	1	Typhus,	1	0	1
Cancer,	1	0	1	Inflammation of the			
Casualty,	1	0	1	Brain,	1	0	1
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	1	Bronchia,	1	0	1
Consumption,	6	0	6	Lungs,	1	0	1
Convulsions,	1	1		Stomach and			
Croup,	1	1		Bowels,	1	1	
Debility,	1	0	1	Intemperance,	1	0	1
Delirium of				Intemperance,	1	0	1
Drunkenness,	1	0	1	Old Age,	1	0	1
Disease of Heart,	1	0	1	Pleurisy,	1	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	1	Premature Birth of Mature			
Drowned,	1	0	1	Child,	1	1	
Debility,	1	1		Still Born,	1	1	
Fever,	1	0	1	Scarlet	1	0	1
Fever, Congestive	1	0	1	Teething,	1	1	
Fever, Typhoid	1	0	1	Whooping Cough,	1	0	1
Carried over,	30	4		Total,	50	14	

Of the above there were 14 from the 1st to 2nd year, 11 from 2nd to 5th year, 1 from 5th to 10th year, 1 from 10th to 20th year, 1 from 20th to 30th year, 1 from 30th to 40th year, 1 from 40th to 50th year, 1 from 50th to 60th year, 1 from 60th to 70th year, 1 from 70th to 80th year, 1 from 80th to 90th year, 1 from 90th to 100th year, 1 from 100th to 110th year, 1 from 110th to 120th year, 1 from 120th to 130th year, 1 from 130th to 140th year, 1 from 140th to 150th year, 1 from 150th to 160th year, 1 from 160th to 170th year, 1 from 170th to 180th year, 1 from 180th to 190th year, 1 from 190th to 200th year, 1 from 200th to 210th year, 1 from 210th to 220th year, 1 from 220th to 230th year, 1 from 230th to 240th year, 1 from 240th to 250th year, 1 from 250th to 260th year, 1 from 260th to 270th year, 1 from 270th to 280th year, 1 from 280th to 290th year, 1 from 290th to 300th year, 1 from 300th to 310th year, 1 from 310th to 320th year, 1 from 320th to 330th year, 1 from 330th to 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from 3040th to 3050th year, 1 from 3050th to 3060th year,

From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR MAY.

AARON ON MOUNT HOR.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The summer day declined o'er Edom's vales,
As on, through winding paths of lone Mount Hor,
Three men, in solemn order, moved with pain.
The eldest heard sweeping o'er his mournful breast.
Aaron, the priest, the holy, was he called
Here hundreds of lives on them who bid their blood
Flow kindly still.

I am the mitred lover
Of the High-Priest of Israel—and none
Of the tribes can speak such a stronger vow;
Through the narrow boughs and caves of mankind,
He daughter of Amram hath followed me.

Methinks he remembers with the past and calls
The buried years. Back, like a flitting night,
Came with its memories up, and gliden away
Before me the scenes of Egypt's house of bondage.
As when her first-born died—the sullen wrap
Of the dark midnight, and the voice
That from the heart of Israel, and the silenced cry
Of Israel o'er Pharaoh's darkened land.
Their footsteps, and their marchings, and their cries,
The sin at Meribah,—the desert-graves
And wilderness wanderings of forty years,
And pass before him as a troubled dream.

But he! his fearsome wrap is hampering linger
And o'er his high, sustained brow there gleams
A transient smile. Onright he a gracious vow
Of that eternal Canaan, fair with light,
And wonderful by the voice of God himself.
Where was he hastening? Or made the song
Of Miriam's timbrel, as the flood of death,
Waving him crowned through the last, faint steps
Of wearied child?

And now he stood upon the ripe
Where he had come to die. The mountain-flower
Spirited around his spirit. The bird
That death's dark angel spreadeth a sable wing
Warned him not. Meekly he laid him down,
The sentenced superstrate soon within the veil.
Those silent chambers of his unseen mind.
Where dim and vanished

Or, with trembling head,
He leaned to catching the patiently ruled
Of the Lord, and the solemn voice of death.
The noble Priest, while, with a tender sorrow,
He listened, and bade him keep his garments pure
From blood of earth. Speak, Eleazar, speak!
The mystic breastplate, and the dying eye
Caught the last radiance of their glorious crown,
By whose uncertain and fearful light
Entered he had an all he will revealed
Unto the chosen tribes when Aaron lived
By the mercy-seat, and the cloud encamped land
He might not enter—the promised land
Of rest upon the mountain's rocky breast.
And with Aaron spreads her large garments grave,
Gave up the ghost.

Steadfast beside the dead,
With folded arms and face uplift to Heaven,
Stood Eleazar and Ithamar, bowed down
Following the sainted soul. No sigh of grief,
Nor sign of earthly passion, broke the calm
Of the stern on Sinai's top had talked with God
Of Israel's priesthood, and had power with prayer,
And promised his lieutenant on the mountain breast,
And read the gifts of sacerdotal power
And dignity entrusted to his hand.
Remembering but the father that he loved—
Long with his filial tears hindered the day.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR MAY.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

Or, The Castle and the Cottage.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"I saw her on a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet human hospitality;
A form with symmetry and grace
For honest nature's daily food;
For transient sight, and casual eye—
Power—license—love—kisses—tears and smiles."

"Well, Sir Henry, I have listened very patiently and with some magic interest, I confess," said the earl, lifting a glass of Burgundy to his lips, but scarcely tasting it; "I will am I nevertoo. I admit Lady Jane to be all you describe her—beautiful, highly bred, and of noble lineage—but these are the very qualifications I object to. I have never yet seen a meek belle—high breeding took a peculiar tinge from the blush from a maiden's cheek, and—"

"But do you object to beauty and birth?" interrupted Sir Henry.

"Beauty is a pleasant thing in a rose, which is unconscious of it—but save me from your highly bred women—creatures who fancy their very hearts into stone—and, as for birth —the pomp and pride of birth—that, too, is not unpleasant, when it does not, as it often does, attain to the male heirs, with whom such things should be left."

"But surely you would not marry one of inferior birth?"

"I have no thought of matrimony at all," replied the young earl, smiling; "and if I had, it is just possible that an earldom which traces back to the Conquest, might sustain its dignity, without the fall of a beautiful face and emotions."

"But surely you intend to marry some time? This is a strange whim for a nobleman of five-and-twenty, who has just come into possession of his estates," urged Sir Henry, who had three sisters who were just in the bloom of the school-room.

Lord Seymour shook the wine in his glass till a drop or two dashed over the edge, a grave expression—as if a train of unpleasant thoughts had been agitated—fell over his face, and there was something of sternness in his manner when he spoke again.

"I have seen but little of true domestic felicity in my own class of life. The cold, the dreary soul sickness at the mercenary heartlessness with which our higher classes barter away their delicate persons—I will not say hearts. Heaven knows I had early warning."

"You are young to have enquired such precipices," faltered Sir Henry, coloring, for the late Lady Seymour had been remarkably connected with his own family.

"I was young to be disgusted with precipices," faltered Sir Henry, coloring, for the late Lady Seymour had been remarkably connected with his own family.

"I was young to be disgusted with them when my poor father stood wellwood by the sin of his wife—not by deceit—amid the sculptured splendor of the ancestral home, with three orphan children to share his disgrace. I can remember the proud, imperious beauty of the frail being who gave me birth—who was the daughter of a duke. Our executioner was unknown to the world, but that father loved another, but he would not wed beneath his rank—the conventional code of family honor was his religion. An aristocrat on earth," he must were really to be banished her even haughty blood with that of a still more exalted line—he must be guided around with family honors. So Henry, you know how this ended. She left my father's home—left children—every thing—for a base adventurer. Our family pride—where was it then? crushed and trodden in the earth, for they being to whom my father had sacrificed the best affections of his heart, that it might be cankered. It broke his heart—not immediately—strong hearts do not give way so. But, I would the pride, the thwarted affections, moulded upon him, in his splendid solitude it rusted and ate his thoughts, and at length ate away his life. His death instructions and the penetration which sparkled in the dark eyes bent upon her.

"So you are come at last," he said, softly. Then he laid both his hands upon her head and bent over with them, and her cheek taking a still deeper red as she met the gaze of his eyes, and them warmly upon the little prisoner's. She lifted her clear eyes to his face, and a smile softened their cold expression.

"Yes, at last I got away.

"Then he looked upon her more, which might have troubled a less excitable heart than her's, and to a world of affection beaming in those large eyes. The young man gazed into the moist depths of his own heart, and felt that he was understood. He bent down and kissed her rose-bud mouth, while his own eyes were dim with tears.

"Child, child, and a pretty, roguish triumph sparkled in her eyes.

"You will think better of this—but let us change the subject," said Sir Henry, dismayed by the burst of indignant eloquence in a being usually so reticent and passionless.

"Never, while I can remember my own despicable infancy, the tears which I have seen wrung, like drops of fire, from the tortured pride of my father—never, while I have the power to comprehend the worthless blandishments of your high-born women—will I marry, or sacrifice their hallow pretensions."

"This is but your second season in town—"

Almack's opens in a week, and, my word for it, some of the fair debutantes will avenge the sex on me before it closes again," said Sir Henry, forcing a tone of gaiety which he could not feel, for there was no mask of feeling—deep, passionate feeling—in what Seymour had said. An enormous and lonely fortune had discomposed the calm easy baronet, who could never comprehend any passion, good or evil, after it arose above the dignity of a sensation. Lord Seymour tried to smile, but his features fell at variance with the kindling eye and flushed cheek which betrayed deep and serious emotions.

"It is seldom I speak of my mother," he said, wiping the drops from his forehead, "would to Heaven that thoughts were as easily crushed as words! I am a young man yet, but my heart is old in suspicion, such a callous with distrust of the sex—"

Were callous by a misfortune! I am sorry such misfortune should have come to me," said Sir Henry, with a smile, for he had made strong efforts to fling off thoughts as unsuited to the place, and partially succeeded; "but no matter, I thought I am at Lady Jane's disposal for the evening, a little music may harmonize me again. Come, I hear your carriage at the door. Mine is unnecessary, if you will set me down."

As the two young men were stepping into their carriage at the door of Lord Seymour's dwelling, a hackney coach drove by, and a sweet, golden face bent eagerly forward, as if attracted by the glittering equipage. Before the young earl could obtain a second glance, the head was drawn back, but those delicate features, that wealth of golden curls falling over the brow, haunted him like a dream.

In half an hour Sir Henry and his inmate of Lady Jane's box, self-possessed, and gracefully rendering all those courtesies which mark the high-born beauty, which were so liable to be misconstrued by the timid, even should they fail to interest their object. All at once he met with evidence which at once riveted him to the pit. He had seen that face again more beautiful a thousand times, than it appeared in the dim light of the carriage. The opera had commenced, and the young girl was gazing intently upon the stage. Her eyes, in repose, and deeply blue, were lifted to the stage with a look of bewildering joy, such an expression of harmony, heard for the first time, might kindle on the face of a child. The rose and the ivory tinge to the ringlets of pale gold, broken up in their wave in a thousand places, were scarcely confined by the wreath of tiny roses garlanded over her brow. Her dress was modest in the extreme, and fell over her bosom, and long muslin sleeves over her arms, where there was no drapery down her arms, where there was no lets of white pearls glistened whitely through. She was slender and girlish in her appearance, and her mind seemed to have caught the very voice and music of the strain which was then pouring from the stage. Every fancy that has ever been the inventions of her heart as it rose and fell to the sweet melody, swelling it to a new and more delicious life.

Lady Jane had addressed him twice and received no answer—she turned her dark eyes to his face, saw the fixed expression of his gaze, and slowly raising the pearled opera glass which glittered in her hand, looked down upon the object that had so charmed away. Lady Jane saw nothing but a white shoulder glistening beneath a veil of golden drapery. She felt that three long golden ringlets falling over it, and something in the whole figure so peculiarly young and the glass to her lap, and asked Seymour what he was gazing at so intently.

"True, I, he replied, and did not dream that music could affect one so.

Lady Jane opened her large eyes, surprised by a reply so inapplicable to the question, and as Seymour still kept his gaze on the girl, she lifted her glass again.

"Ah!" she said, with a slight downward curve of the coral lip, "you have made out my young girl, but where was the marvel in such a face, music, is she not? One can almost fancy that she brings the scent of our spring violets in her clothes."

"Do you know her," inquired Seymour, arrested in sudden interest in what his companion was saying.

The lady smiled with a still more scornful expression—" She was born on my father's estate, and is the daughter of a tenant."

"The daughter of a tenant," persisted the earl, "is her eyes fixed on the beautiful vision so earnestly that he did not perceive the sentimental smile that deepened on the beautiful face of his companion " the daughter of a tenant impossible!"

"I found our rector at Graydon has charge of her—she may be his daughter—I really have very little knowledge of the matter."

There was something in the manner of this reply that awakened Seymour's attention. He looked up, and a quiet smile, that had a gleam of her own scorn in it came to his lips. "I see her father is the rector, and that is why Lady Jane will probably be able to give me some farther information."

The next moment Lady Jane was alone, the earl had left his chair, and, as she looked down on that fair girl in the pit, an unpleasant gleam came and went over her haughty face.

CHAPTER II.

It was the close of a beautiful autumn day, when the last leaves took a golden tinge from the sunset, and the shadow of a little pothor church seemed to grow more solemn in the twilight, as it rose on the bosom of a stream that swept around the base of the hill. It was a lovely spot, which at that hour, enveloped the whole of a pretty village in its shadow. On an opposite eminence the spires of a lordly castle rose in heavy grandeur against the sky. Its park swept down for many years the valley, and, from the little church the glow of its fewer garden might even for the present through the darkness, as if the warm sunset were itself turning to blossoms and lose itself.

On the bank of the stream, and just above the little church, was a wide, old oak tree, which had often terminated their rambles. The artist took the hint, and there he sketched the stem, and bedded in the thick tense, as a young man, with a sketch-book in his hand, and a fairer, but with more delicate features, sitting just between the leaves. Now then he opened the book and began to sketch, and the child looked on with the same object enough to tempt any artist into the open air on a night so lovely as that. It was the same remarkable that every leaf of the book was embellished with the same object. It was that very position, and yet no page was finished up, and the whole building had not once been taken in again. Still the same face, and there went, were bold and masterly betrayed the hand that could not but genius the air of the artist, but that evening the artist worked fitfully his pencil seemed to be examining its proportions. He looked up, and the same emotion as he had darkened around him, though there appeared in that beautiful face no trace tranquil as ere it had been a dream. The faint tinkling of a sheep-bell in the distant hills, and the soft flutter of a bird as it nestled itself down in one of the leaves above his head, were all the sounds that disturbed the hour. Still he opened and closed his book impatiently, and at last flung it down upon the stream. Then he rose and walked toward the church.

At the first glimpse of her golden ringlets the young man's heart leaped, and he turned and went hurriedly back to his former position, where he was sure to meet her on her return, because beaming with pleasant expectation.

But the young girl passed him, and left light behind, as if terrified lest some one might see her from the village. She clocked her pace a little just as she came to the gate, and then went round the point that concealed her love-trysting place from the street. Then she walked toward the church.

The young man's heart soon entered the shallow fancy by that picturesque little building when a young girl sprung lightly into the porch, and, pushing the door, left it open for a few minutes all around it, looked eagerly towards the village.

At the first glimpse of her golden ringlets the young man's heart leaped, and he turned and went hurriedly back to his former position, where he was sure to meet her on her return, because beaming with pleasant expectation.

But the young girl passed him, and left light behind, as if terrified lest some one might see her from the village. She clocked her pace a little just as she came to the gate, and then went round the point that concealed her love-trysting place from the street. Then she walked toward the church